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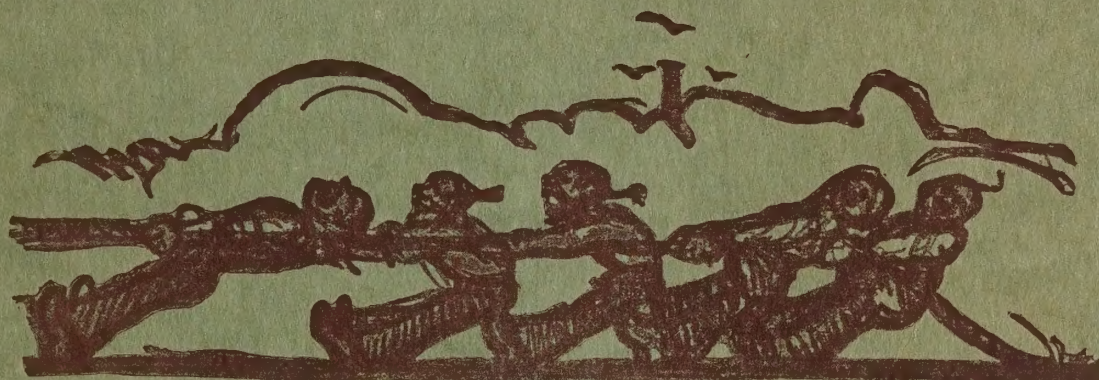
Harris, S Taylor (ed.
and arr.)
Six sea shanties

M

1977

S2H3

SIX SEA SHANTIES



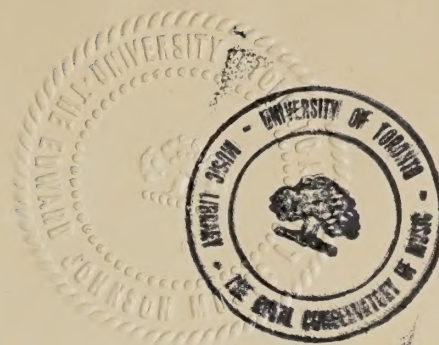
Arranged by
S. TAYLOR HARRIS



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THE SEVEN SEAS CLUB.



Six Sea Shanties

Collected from the singing of Mr. S. M. WOODWARD
and Edited by

A. W. WHITEHEAD and S. TAYLOR HARRIS

and arranged for

Solo, Unison Chorus and Pianoforte,

BY

S. TAYLOR HARRIS

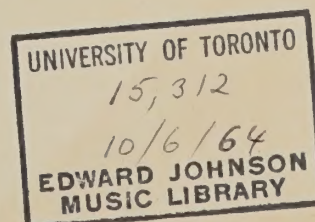
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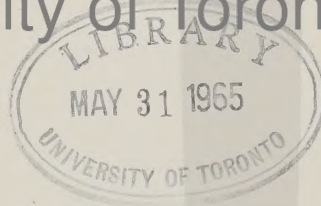
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FOREWORD.

THE Shanties in this small collection were heard by Mr. S. M. Woodward during a voyage made in 1920 from Liverpool to Mejillones in Chile, via 'The Horn.' The ship was the 'Archibald Russell,' a four-master, and the last big sailing vessel to be built in the British Isles for British owners. Three of the tunes, in slightly different versions, are fairly well-known, but the other three, as far as I know, have not been noted down before. The Shanty is no longer heard at sea, except perhaps in odd corners, and in a debased form; we have been lucky, therefore, to find three such excellent tunes as 'Fire down below,' 'Roll the wood pile,' and 'Hullabaloo' so late in the day.

The Shanty as an aid to labour has died at sea and been buried with full honours, but it has come to life again ashore as a song, and although in the process it has lost its old friends, it has made new ones. The old 'shell-back' remembers it in its previous life as something rude and unkempt, a fine help in hoisting sail or weighing anchor, and an excellent vehicle for working off his groushings about the officers and the cook, or telling the story of his loves and longings, but as something that had no independent existence apart from the work of the ship. He never sang it for pleasure. When he hears it now in its new incarnation, trimmed and neat and sung in drawing-rooms for the amusement of 'land-lubbers' his contempt is well-nigh inexpressible. He misses the Portsmouth dialect, the catch in the voice slightly reminiscent of the Swiss *yodel*, the broad allusions in the solo, and the peculiar kick of the chorus where the pull comes. But worst of all, he finds the heavy moving, leisurely, dignified old fellow has become a bright and perky youth. It is a great pity, but there is nothing to be done about it. For good or ill, Shanties have now become songs, pure and simple. They must take their stand with other songs and conform to the conditions of public performance common amongst landsmen. They will be popular in concert halls when the wind-jammer and the tea-clipper and their great traditions are but a memory; they will be arranged as part-songs to be sung at Competition Festivals by girls under ten when the Capstan survives only as a tobacco advertisement. It cannot be denied that much will be lost in the transformation, but it is useless to complain. The old sailor man made an initial mistake. He could have ensured the passing of the Shanty with the sailing ship if he had not made such first-rate tunes. But good songs, unlike good ships, do not pass away. We have jettisoned the tackle but we have salvaged the songs and have thereby added a rich prize to our musical inheritance.

Something may be done to preserve the old strength and saltiness of the Shanty if it be sung simply and lustily, without airs and graces, and with a good rhythm. However it is sung it will probably sound well, but it will sound best, I think, if it be sung by men, and in the solo and unison chorus form made familiar to us in Sir Richard Terry's "Shanty Book." This handful of songs, as indeed any future collection, can only be considered as supplementary to that indispensable volume.

Chelsea—September, 1925.

JOHN GOSS.



(The blocks of the illustrations have been kindly lent by the New Chenil Galleries).



CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| "Fire down below" - - - <i>Capstan Shanty</i> | 2 |
| "Roll the Cotton down" <i>Capstan and Halliards Shanty</i> | 6 |
| "Stormalong" - - - - <i>Halliards Shanty</i> | 8 |
| "Hullabaloo-balay!" - - - <i>Capstan Shanty</i> | 10 |
| "A long time ago" - - - <i>Halliards Shanty</i> | 12 |
| "Roll the wood-pile down" - - <i>Capstan Shanty</i> | 14 |

I.

Fire down below.

Fairly quickly.

VOICE. Solo

PIANO.

Chorus

sim-ple vil-lage maid - en With red and ro - sy cheeks, To me way! hay!

Solo

hee! hi! ho!..... Who went to church and Sun-day School, And

Chorus

sang the an-them sweet. There's fi- yer down be - low!.....

Solo

..... The par-son was a mi- se - ry, So

Chorus

Solo

scrag-gy and so thin, To me way! hay! hee! hi! ho!..... He

Chorus

said "Look 'ere, you peo-ple, If you live a life of sin." There's fi- yer

Solo

down be - low!..... He took his text from

Chorus

Ma-la-chi, And pull'd a wea-ry face, To me way! hay! hee! hi!

Solo

ho!..... I took my leave and sail'd a - way, That's

Chorus

how I fell from grace. There's fi- yer down be -

Solo

- low!..... There's fi- yer in the ga- hal- ley, And

Chorus

in the ca- bin too- hoo, To me way! hay! hee! hi!

Solo

ho!..... But no fire in the fo'c-s'le, And it's cold are the

Chorus

crew. There's fi- yer down be - - low!.....

II.

Roll the Cotton down.

Steady march time. Solo

VOICE.

1. For a - way down south where
2. Oh de nig-ger work for de

PIANO.

Chorus Solo

I was born, Oh roll de cot-ton down! Where de
white man boss, Oh roll de cot-ton down! See him

Chorus

nig-ger rolls in de gold-en corn. Oh roll de cotton down!.....
ride a - roun' on de big black hoss. Oh roll de cotton down!.....

Solo

3. If de sun don't shine den de
4. Oh de nig-ger works de

Chorus

Solo

hens won't lay, Oh roll de cot-ton down! And de
whole day long, Oh roll de cot-ton down! So de

Chorus

nig-ger wont work if de boss don't pay. Oh roll de cot-ton down!.....
Camp-town la-dies sing dis song. Oh roll de cot-ton down!.....

5

For away down south where I was born,
Oh roll de cotton down!
Where de nigger rolls in de golden corn.
Oh roll de cotton down!

III. Stormalong.

Very slowly, and with much expression.

VOICE. Solo

1. Oh, poor old Stor - my's
dug his grave with a

PIANO.

Chorus

dead and gone. To me way, Storm - a - long! Oh,
sil - ver spade. To me way, Storm - a - long! I

Solo

PIANO.

Chorus

poor old Storm-y's dead and gone. Ay, ay, ay, Mister Storm-a-long. 2. I
dug his grave with a sil - ver spade. Ay, ay, ay, Mister Storm-a-long. 3. I

(Solo)

PIANO.

Chorus

lower'd him down with a gold-en chain. To me way, Storm - a -
 left him lone in..... Mo-bile Bay. To me way, Storm - a -

The musical score for the chorus is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has four flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat, D-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating pattern of eighth and quarter notes.

Solo

- long! I lower'd him down with a gold-en chain.
 - long! We left him lone in..... Mo-bile Bay.

The solo section is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has four flats, and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is more melodic and expressive than the chorus, with a longer note value for the first part.

Chorus

3rd & 4th verses

(Solo)

Last verse

Ay, ay, ay, Mister Storm - a - long 4. We Storm - a - long.
 Ay, ay, ay, Mis-ter Storm - a - long 5. Oh,

The final section of the score includes the chorus and the last verse. It is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has four flats, and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating pattern of eighth and quarter notes.

5.

Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
 To me way, Stormalong!
 Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
 Ay, ay, ay, Mister Stormalong!

IV. Hullabaloo Balay.

Fast. **Solo**

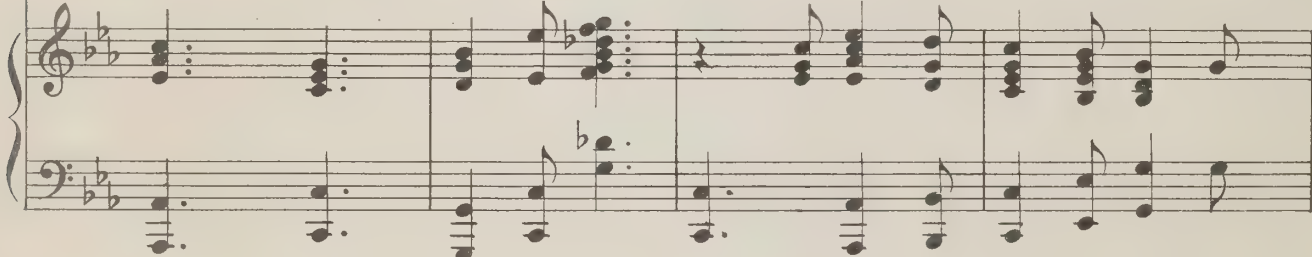
VOICE. 

1. Me fa-ther kept a board-ing house.
board-ing house was on the quay.

PIANO. 

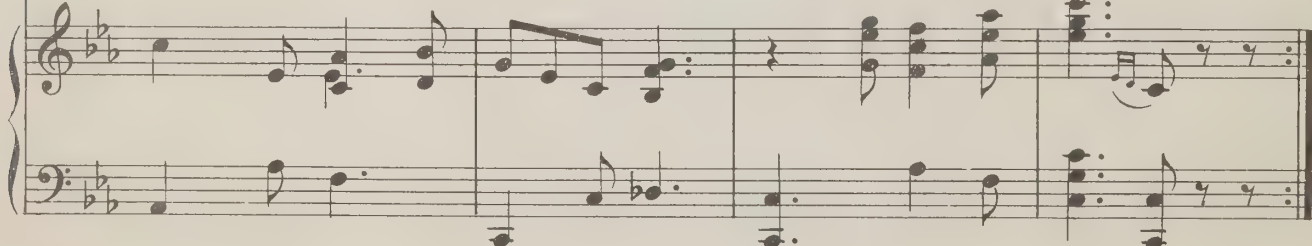
Chorus **Solo**

Hul-la-ba-loo ba - lay! Hul-la-ba-loo ba - la - ba-lay! Me
Hul-la-ba-loo ba - lay! Hul-la-ba-loo ba - la - ba-lay! But the



Chorus **(Solo)**

fa - ther kept a board-ing house. Hul-la-ba-loo ba - lay!..... 2. The
lodgers were near - ly all at sea. Hul-la-ba-loo ba - lay!..... 3. A



Chorus

flash young fel-low call'd Shal-low Brown, Hul-la-ba-loo ba-lay!
fa-ther said "young man me bye," Hul-la-ba-loo ba-lay!

Solo

Hul-la-ba-loo ba-la-ba-lay! He o-gled my mo-ther all
Hul-la-ba-loo ba-la-ba-lay! To which he quick-ly

| Chorus | 3rd, 4th & 5th verses | Last verse |
|---|---|------------|
| <p>round the town. Hul-la-ba-loo ba-lay! made re-ply, "Hul-la-ba-loo ba-lay!"</p> | <p>4. My -lay ba-lay! 5. Next 6. Me</p> | |

5

Next day while dad was in the "Crown",
Hullabaloo balay!
Me mother ran off with Shallow Brown.
Hullabaloo balay!

Hullabaloo Balay.

6

Me father slowly pined away,
Hullabaloo balay!
'Cause mother came back on the following day.
Hullabaloo balay!

A long time ago.

With flowing rhythm.

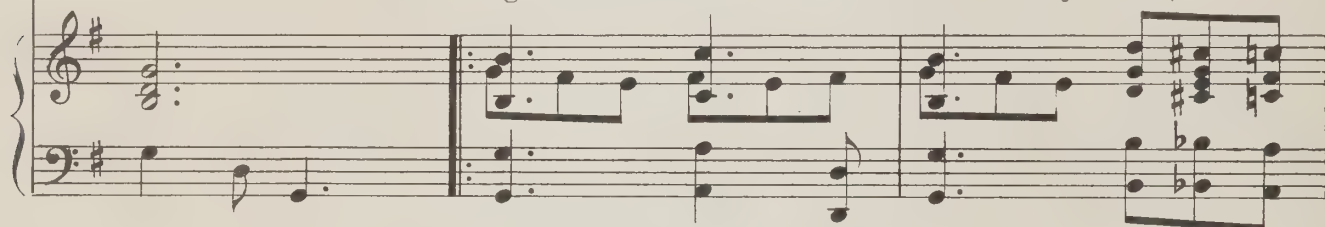
PIANO.



Solo

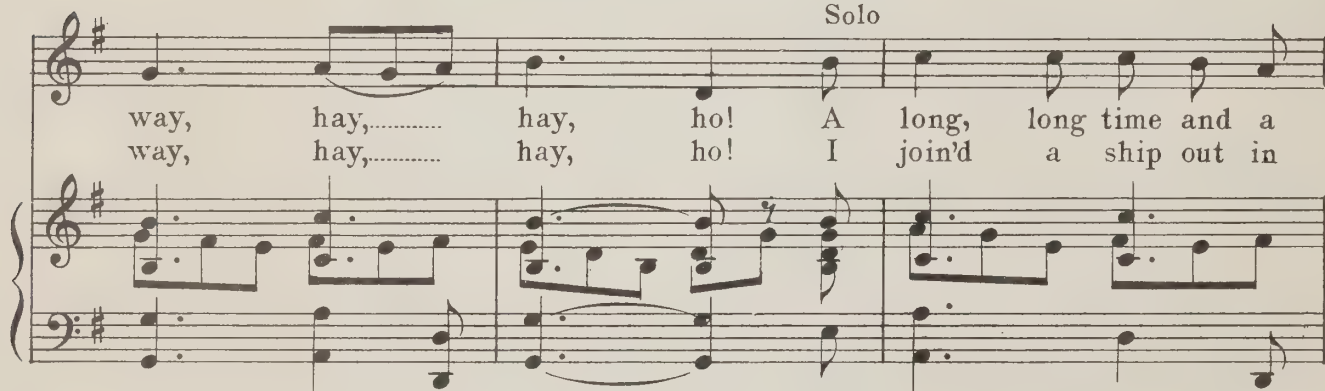
Chorus

1. A long, long time, and a ve-ry long time, To me
 eight - een hun-dred and sev-en-ty four, To me



Solo

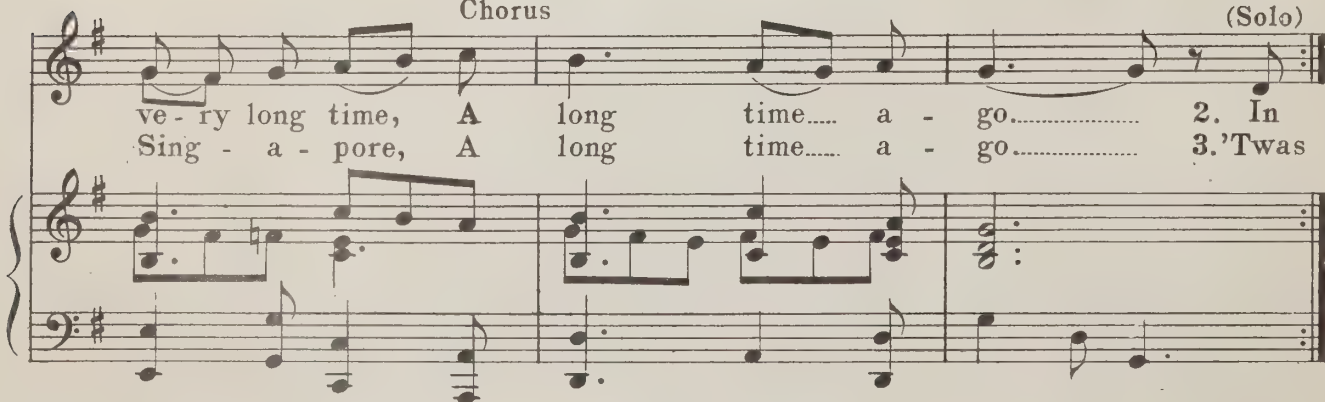
way, hay,..... hay, ho! A long, long time and a
 way, hay,..... hay, ho! I join'd a ship out in



Chorus

(Solo)

ve-ry long time, A long time.... a - go..... 2. In
 Sing - a - pore, A long time.... a - go..... 3. 'Twas



Chorus

there I fell in with a Ja - pan - ese maid, To me
banns were read and our wed - ding day near, To me

Solo

way, hay, hay, ho! She spent all my mon - ey be -
way, hay, hay, ho! So I hove up my an - chor and

Chorus

- fore I was paid, A long time a - go..... 4. The
home I did steer, A long time a - go..... 5. A

5

A long, long time and a very long time,
To me way, hay, hay, ho!
A long, long time and a very long time,
A long time ago.

Roll the Wood - pile down.

Andante con moto.

Solo

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. The white folk larfed as the
2. The roof do leak and the

Chorus

Solo

coon pass'd by,
rain come froo,

Way down
Way down

in in Flo - ri - da.
in in Flo - ri - da.

The
The

Chorus

white folk larfed as the coon pass'd by, And we'll roll the wood - pile
roof do leak and the rain come froo, And we'll roll the wood - pile

down.
down.

Trav - - 'ling,
Trav - - 'ling,

trav - - 'ling, as
trav - - 'ling, as

long as the worl' goes roun'. That brown gal of mine on the
 long as the worl' goes roun'. That brown gal of mine on the

Geor-gia line, And we'll roll the wood-pile down.....
 Geor-gia line, And we'll roll the wood-pile down.....

Solo

3. Old Run - kel - keit was a
 4. Oh! the work is hard and the

Chorus

Solo

dam good cook, Way down in Flo - ri - da. Old
 bis - cuits too, Way down in Flo - ri - da. Oh! the

Chorus

Run - kel - keit was a dam good cook, And we'll roll the wood - pile
work is hard and the bis - cuits too, And we'll roll the wood - pile

down. Trav - - 'ling, trav - - 'ling, as
down. Trav - - 'ling, trav - - 'ling, as

long as the worl' goes roun'. That brown gal of mine on the
long as the worl' goes roun'. That brown gal of mine on the

Geor - gia line, And we'll roll the wood - pile down.....
Geor - gia line, And we'll roll the wood - pile down.....

omit
last
time

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Music arranged by S. TAYLOR HARRIS.

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CONTENTS

| | | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------|---|--------------------|
| Fire down below | (Capstan Shanty) | Hullabaloo-balay | - | (Capstan Shanty) |
| Roll the Cotton down | (Capstan and Halliards Shanty) | A long time ago | - | (Halliards Shanty) |
| Stormalong | (Halliards Shanty) | Roll the wood-pile down | - | (Capstan Shanty) |

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